

# LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

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Illustrated by

Shunko

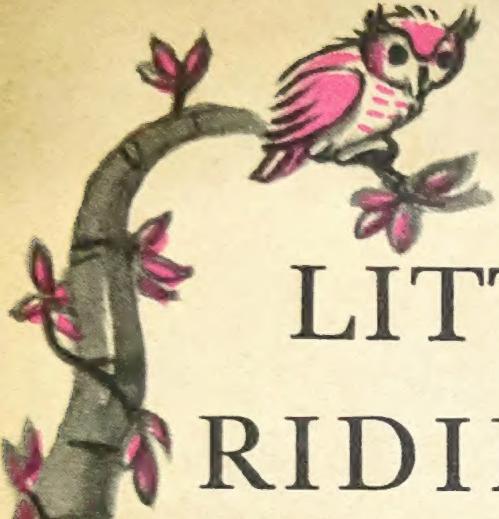


A JUNIOR ELF® BOOK









# LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

*Illustrated by ESTHER FRIEND*



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ONCE upon a time there was a little village girl who was as sweet as sugar and as good as bread. Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother was even fond-

er of her. This kind grandmother had made her a pretty red cloak with a hood, in which the child looked so bright and gay that everyone called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother made some cakes and said to her: "Go, my child, and see how your grandmother



is. I hear she has been ill.  
Take her one of these cakes  
and this little pot of butter."



So Little Red Riding-Hood set out at once.

As she walked through the woods she met a big wolf. He would have gob-



bled her up then and there,  
but some woodcutters were  
near by and he did not  
dare. But he did ask her  
where she was going.

“I am going to my  
grandmother.”

“Does she live far off?”  
asked the wolf.



“Oh, yes,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood. “She lives beyond the mill you see way down there, at the first house in the village.”

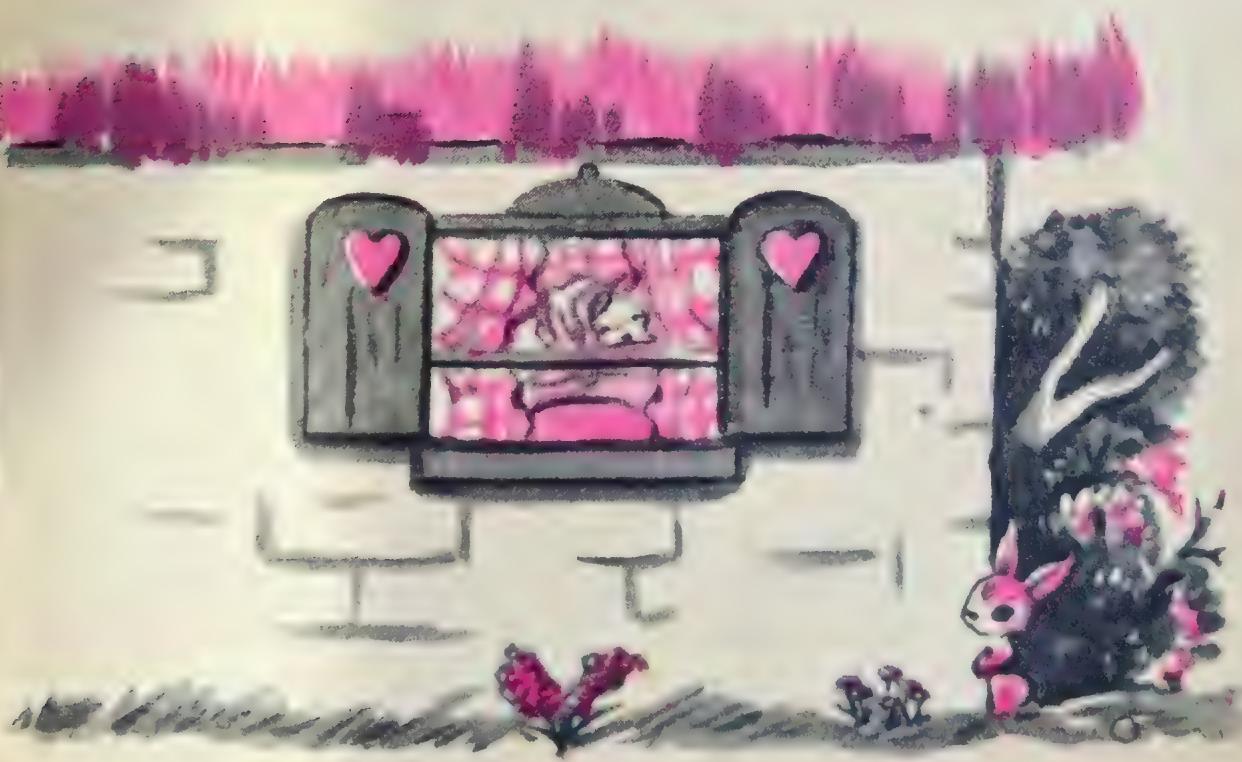
“All right,” said the wolf. “I’ll go and visit her too. I will take this way, and you take that way, and we’ll see who gets there first.”

Soon the wolf arrived at  
the grandmother's cottage  
and knocked at the door  
—*tap! tap!*

“Who is there?”



“It is your own Little Red Riding-Hood,” said the wolf, making his voice sound as much like Little Red Riding-Hood’s as he could.



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The good old woman,  
who wasn't feeling well and  
so was in bed, called out:  
“Pull the string, my dear,  
and the latch will fly up.”

The wolf pulled the string  
and the door opened. He  
sprang upon the poor old





grandmother and swallowed her all in one gulp, for it was more than three days since he had had a bite. He did not feel very well after that, but he shut the door, put on the grandmother's cap, and stretched himself out in the old woman's bed to wait for Little Red Riding-Hood.

By and by Little Red  
Riding-Hood came knock-  
ing at the cottage door—  
*tap! tap!*

“Who is there?”

At first Little Red Rid-  
ing-Hood was frightened  
at the hoarse voice of the  
wolf. But she made up her  
mind that her grandmother  
must have a cold.





“It is your own Little Red Riding-Hood,” she answered. “I have brought you a cake and a little pot of butter which Mother has made and sent you.”

Then the wolf called out,  
softening his voice as well  
as he could: "Pull the string,  
my dear, and the latch will  
fly up."





Little Red Riding-Hood  
pulled the string and the  
door opened.

When the wolf saw her  
come in, he hid himself



under the bedclothes and  
said:

“Put the cake and the  
little pot of butter on the  
shelf, and come here.”

And so Little Red Rid-  
ing-Hood put the cake and  
butter on the shelf and  
went over to the wolf. She  
was very much surprised  
to see how strange her



Grandmother looked in her  
night clothes and said:

“Grandmother, what  
great arms you have!”

“The better to hug you,  
my child!”



“Grandmother, what  
great ears you have!”

“The better to hear you,  
my child!”

“Grandmother, what  
great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you,  
my child!”

“Grandmother, what  
great teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you!”



With these words the wicked wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood.

And there the story ends. Nobody knows just what happened. Some say that the woodsmen were so near by, cutting trees, that they heard Little Red Riding-Hood scream and came running, just in time to

save her. And they say, too, that when the woodsmen cut the wolf open, there they found the grandmother, whole and sound!





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